

# The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s.; Half year, 8s.; Three Months, 4s.; payable in advance, to be forwarded by Money Order, to the Publishers, Messrs. Myers & Co., 22, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

No. 13.—VOL. XXVI.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1851.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

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### PROSPECTS OF ENGLISH MUSICIANS.

THE year 1851 appears likely to benefit all the world, one solitary class of individuals excepted—the English musicians. For them it presents, alas! the dreary blank of ordinary years. For them the Great National Exhibition will be an empty show, so far as their own interests are concerned. The Crystal Palace will display before their envying eyes the prosperity of their compatriots, in almost every vocation, the industry and success of foreign manufacturers and artists. But in vain may they look for a corner in the big fair, with which their special welfare and progress are in any way connected.

The English musician came into the world under an evil star. Had we our Cornelius Agrippa at hand, we would take the first that presented himself, and, drawing his horoscope, prove, beyond question, that the position of the heavens was menacing at the instant of his birth. Why is it that in the other musical cities of Europe, native musicians are patronised by the great, courted by the managers and *entrepreneurs*, paid by the publishers, praised by the critics, and applauded by the public? And why in England should this be all the other way? Where transcendent merit exists, country must

be forgotten, genius apostrophised and rewarded; but, in the article of sheer mediocrity, why should we not copy the French, and support our own? The French have their anybodies and nobodies, whom they applaud and enrich. We, too, have our anybodies and nobodies, whom we discourage and leave to starve. The French are likely to be possessed shortly of a Gounod, and the trumpet of prophecy already begins to blow in his behalf. We, too, might have a Gounod, by consulting the directory, and selecting the first obscure musician who has a heap of untried manuscripts in his portfolio; but no trumpet would be blown, no dramatic vocalist would take him by the hand, no literary journal would pronounce him a Beethoven. Here, but now, was Mr. Charles Horsley, with *David*, an oratorio, which was given at Exeter Hall, before 2000 persons, and applauded unanimously. Mr. Horsley had been fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Mr. Sudlow, of Liverpool, Mr. Addison, and Mr. Frederick Davison, of London, who did for him what our readers already know. But all to no purpose. A writer of accredited weight places a stone in a sling, and aims it at Mr. Horsley's *David*. Reversing the order of Scripture, where David deals the buffet, the Goliath of reviewers slays the dwarf musician, who in vain had struck his harp strings, which found no echo in the heart of the giant; that is, he would have slain him, but, as chance ruled it, the stone fell short of the mark, and *David* is still alive, and at Liverpool. In simple English, we conscientiously believe, that had M. Gounod, or some other alien, but especially M. Gounod, been the composer of *David*, that oratorio would have been extolled to the skies. True, Mr. Horsley is an imitator of Mendelssohn, or rather belongs to the school of Mendelssohn, as a painter might belong to that of Titian or Raphael, without fear of reprehension; while M. Gounod, on the contrary, does not imitate Mendelssohn, and belongs to no school whatever, his compositions (at least, those we have heard), declaring plainly that their author has never undergone the discipline of tutoring. So that it is quite fair to say, "Mr. Horsley copies Mendelssohn;" but, with deference, we advise M. Gounod to try his hand, and see what he can make of it. We are satisfied that M. Gounod could no more write eight bars in the style of Mendelssohn than he could note down a score with the hairs of his moustache. And yet M. Gounod is a great man, and Mr. Horsley a nonentity!

In any other country than England a society like the Sacred Harmonic would have waited on Mr. Horsley, incontinent, and asked permission to execute his *David* at one of their



concerts. But here Mr. Horsley might just as reasonably expect his Royal Highness Prince Albert to call upon him at his chambers, with the expressed intention of trying the overture with him, *à quatre mains*, as that one of the committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society should give any manifest signs of being aware that such a work as *David* was in existence. What is it to the Sacred Harmonic Society that an Englishman has composed an oratorio? Nothing. Why, indeed, should it be anything?—and what can a “*merus anglicus*” know of music, that he should presume to attempt an oratorio? A writer in the *Times* complains that we have no *school* of music in England. We agree with him; but it is not altogether the fault of the Royal Academy, although that institution might have done much that it has left undone. It is the fault of our own professors, who, split into adverse factions, allow the enemy to handle them separately, and break them like the sticks in the fable. The Society of British Musicians was a mere shadow of unity, or rather the shadow of a shadow. It was a cricket-ground, on which every boy wanted to have first innings, and he who was fitted for long-stop would insist on being middle-wicket—*et cæteris paribus*! The whole business was a farce, and the public visited it with well digested apathy. It died of its own impotence, and sunk into oblivion.

It is not simply *esprit de corps* that our musicians want. They lack, in a great measure, self-esteem, the pride of country, and a pure love of art. We grieve to utter it, but too many things have gone to prove it, and every day confirms it with fresh argument. English musicians should be glad of the successes of English musicians—should aid and abet them in person. Instead of this, one half of the body does not know what the other half is doing, or capable of doing—and which is worse, does not care. This is sad, but it is true, and until mended, there can be no hope for English musicians. So long as, disunited and indifferent to each other's welfare, our professors allow themselves to be sneered at, or coughed out of their proper places, so long will their position be deplorable to themselves and a shame to their country. Let them unite, hands and hearts, and all will go well. We heard a rumour, the other day, about Mr. Ella and a club; but the intelligent director of the Musical Union seems to have gone to sleep, or to have let the project slip from his memory. Something of the kind would be a good first step.

English musicians, awake and bestir yourselves! You have no lyrical theatre, comic, serious, or mixed. You have no orchestral or vocal institution, since the Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies are both shut against you. You have no publishers, since you will not make use of each other's music, and the publishers, small blame to them, decline to purchase it. You have no club, since you are scattered about in this overgrown metropolis, without a central point of social union, where you might occasionally meet and discuss your hopes and grievances. You have talent, you have numbers, and you have the public and the great Press with you; but, unless you diligently combine to turn your numbers into

strength, and use your talent to good purpose, the public will take no note of you, and the Press, with the best of good wishes, can have nothing to say in your defence. The days of Protection are counted. A lazy musician has no more right to claim exclusive privileges, and a home-made shield against foreign industry and foreign skill, than a lazy agriculturist. Look about you then, in right earnest, English musicians, (Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Manx and all),—look about you; meet together, concoct a scheme, mature it, publish it, and launch it on the waves of action. If you will not do this yourselves, no one will do it for you, and you must be content to remain as you are—without grumbling, mind, and without a plea for grumbling. When you hear that the Oratorio of your clever brother, Horsley, is *not even a composition*, while the “*Sanctus*” of your dull neighbour, Gounod, is a phenomenon, you must take it for good and for granted. This, and much more, must you hear, and hear without resenting; for what right have you to feel insulted who lack the energy to establish your claims to respect? “The labourer is worthy of his hire”—Union is strength—let these be your mottos; illustrate them in performance, and you may stand erect, and defy the world.

#### MILITARY BANDS.

WE have elsewhere inserted a letter from Mr. Godfrey, in which that gentleman protests against the fairness of a certain passage in the article on the Royal Italian Opera prospectus, which appeared last week. We have the highest respect for Mr. Godfrey's talent, and for the position he deservedly enjoys; but he has entirely mistaken the meaning of our words. We deny any intention of recommending the dismissal of individual performers from his military band, and we are quite aware that all clarionets are not in C. Our observations were simply directed against a particular clarionet, and a particular ophicleide (the instruments, be it understood, not the players) which, in the supper scene of *Don Giovanni*, were always disagreeably out of tune. On referring to the article, we cannot find anything that may be forced into an expression of disrespect towards Mr. Godfrey or his executants; but should Mr. Godfrey think otherwise, we beg most promptly to disavow every idea of the sort. The motto Mr. Godfrey cites was that of the *Musical Examiner*, which first appeared when the *Musical World* was already in its 12th volume. We trust, however, to be able to dispense “Fair play to all,” without displaying the words, over-head, as a banner.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The opening of this great lyric establishment is postponed from to-night to Thursday next, when *Semiramide* will be given, with the imperial Grisi in her grand part of the Assyrian queen, Angri in that of Arsace (her best assumption), and Salvatore, the celebrated barytone, his first appearance before an English audience, as Assur. The performance will have an engrossing interest.



## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday evening the season—that is, the Opera season—that is, the Italian Opera season—that is, Mr. Lumley's Italian Opera season, began to good purpose. We say to good purpose, because the opening night was such a one as recalled that coruscating period, when triumphs were manifold and success common; when Lord Blank dined at five, and the Opera was not merely the Opera, but as great a necessity to Lady Blank as her perennial routs, her green-tea conversaziones, and her hybernal trips to the country, where the sun, behind its accustomed cloud—veiled like some beauty, half afraid to kill with the undisguised flashings of her eye, who envelopes her countenance in a screen of lace, that, ambush-wise, she may slay without being seen, until they who are hit cry out, "Quel accident!"—where the sun thus shrouded, at Cheltenham or at Bath, in November or December, bides, drinking his own waters, drawn from his own pump, the fog!

As announced, *Lucia di Lammermoor* was presented, with a feature of great and novel interest, in the person of the young lady who represented the heroine. The night, as we have hinted, was a brilliant one. Belles and beaux blazed in the boxes, especially belles. These, by the studied *punctilio* of their attire, and the rise or rather fall of their *juste au corps*, leaving fuller freedom to the glowing *epaulette* of woman's Order of Merit, (in) the acquirement whereof Beauty stands for valour, and a *Damoiseau* must be as comely as a *Damoiseau* courageous,) seemed determined to put to shame the impertinent amber curtains—those amber curtains which, for six long years, had waged a cruel war against the sex, casting a garish hue of tawdry over their dresses, kissing their arms with jaundiced lips which shrivelled their satin smoothness, quenching with derisive darkness and fitful glare the sparkle of their eyes, until, "in effect," dandies dived circularly in the Alley of the Fop, lounged lazily in the lobby, sate sluggishly in the stalls (where, supposing dancers to be stars, astronomers would pitch pavilions, and contemplate with curious telescopes), and scarce an opera-glass was elevated to the grand or upper tiers, scarce a foot directed to the box-encircling lobbies, scarce a shilling tendered to the eager functionary, who, with anxious key, stood tip-toe in expectancy, to open the chosen box where beauty moped in solitude, while the deserted dames, who sat in yellow, rated the ungallantry of the times, quoted "Sir Charles Grandison," bemoaned their fate, and cursed their curtains. But, on Saturday night, although the amber hangings were still there, whether the sex had surpassed itself in the exhibition of that art of dress which it knows so cunningly to use, whether the "Executive Committee, Directors, and Managers" of the Grand National Concerts had brushed away the gold by force of symphony (Hieronymus Cardanus, and other occult philosophers, have declared that sound has an influence upon colour—and why not upon yellow?), or whether Mr. Lumley, on his ladder of supervision, eyeing the work of renovation in his theatre, directed the dyers to steep the hangings in a milder dye, we know not; but we know that the amber curtains looked less like the concentrated essence of sun-flowers and sovereigns, and the ladies looked softer and less sad, while a smile of meek forgiveness played upon each pouting mouth, insinuating to the careful observer that, in every box, a cavalier, restored to his allegiance, though unseen by the general crowd, hung languishing at beauty's beck. On the other hand, however, had the beaux been desirous of deserting their belles for a while, to prostrate themselves *ab retro* in the stalls, lured by the legs that twinkle in the dance, their *dé-marche* would have been frustrated, since the stalls, already

full, showed not a vacant seat, and, unbuckled of their ardour, the diverging dangles would fain have had to seek new refuge at the abandoned back of beauty's box. This overthrows our theory, just above, as demonstrating that the beaux, having no choice of place, could claim no virtue in choosing what left not an alternative; but it establishes another, prophesying in brighter colours the prosperous "to come" which 1851 is likely to inveigle to Her Majesty's Theatre; and so enough, for the present, *de sole et luna et astris*, of beau, and matron, and belle. Is not the rest to be found in the records of the *Post* and *Chronicle*? Surely our task is to note down the events of the performance.

*Lucia di Lammermoor* is not a new work, and we defy even the "Thucydides of the Opera," as the philosophic humorist of the *Herald* quaintly styles the scribe who set forth, in eager prose (or, as Vivier would say, in rhyme *étonné de se trouver prose*), the story of the ballet, to say anything new about it. The music, even when Donizetti first composed it, although sentimental, tender, and pretty, was not over new; how then should it be so now? The favour so long enjoyed by this opera, which some regard as the *chef d'œuvre* of the tall and dark Donizetti, has been due, for the most part, to the celebrated singers and actors who, respectively and at various periods, have sustained the three principal parts of Lucia, Edgardo, and Enrico. A long list of gifted *cantatori* and *cantatrici* is herein contained—Rubini, Moriani (when Moriani), Mario and Sims Reeves (our British Sims); Persiani, Castellan, and Jenny Lind; Tamburini and Ronconi, not to speak of Coletti; and last not least, except in stature, Duprez, the pillar of French dramatic vocalism, and the parent from whose loins has sprung the fair child, who, on Saturday night, before the perfumed and particular *parterre* of Her Majesty's Theatre, invested the part of Lucia with a new and a youthful glory, and won a fresh triumph for Donizetti's ten-times fortunate *chef d'œuvre*—Caroline Duprez, Unproud, or, peradventure, unconscious of her recent successes in the metropolis of hostile Gaul (now amicable, pending the Exhibition), where she chained the gloved and scented lions submissive at her feet, making them fetters of their locks, as Dalilah for Samson—unconscious or, perchance, forgetful of these, the young creature stepped forth in the fountain scene, modestly and timidly, as a dove persuaded from its cote by gentle words, who, with meek eyes and downy plumage, regards its tempter wistfully, as if it would say—"Shall I be protected or hurt, caressed or maimed, fed with soft pellets or plucked of my plumes?" Even when assured of the benevolent and unharsh intentions of the jewelled and gibused assembly, expressed in enthusiastic cheers and clapping of palms, the gentle girl did not feel altogether reassured or free from apprehension, but opened her innocent lips with somewhat of nervousness, to give passage to the first few notes of recitative which preface the cavatina *d'intrata*, "Perche non ho." A "still small voice," but yet a still soft voice was heard, as of that tender Peri at the gates of the erst-offended but now forgiving Heaven, who petitions, by virtue of a sinner's tear, to have her name restored to the celestial free list (*Lalla Rookh*). There was a tremor in her tones, as though the soft breeze of a lately awakened emotion had gently bestirred the bright green leaves of her aspirations; but there was no evidence of the wavering intonation so often the accompaniment of nervousness in *debutantes*. It was the vibrating of the Æolian harp, or the tremulousness of water-lilies on the bosom of a smooth stream. No sooner, however, was she launched into the flowing melodies of the *cavatina*, than the true quality of Mlle. Duprez' voice was rendered unmistakeably apparent. "A *soprano*, and a pure *soprano*," was the general exclamation.

tion of the *cognoscenti*—not large, strong, piercing, and vigorous as in sopranos robust; but small, tender, fluty, *sympatica* (Thucydides) and heart touching, with notes here and there high up, that suggested the sky-lark, and notes here and there, lower down, that suggested the nightingale. The pretensions of her voice established, every eye was directed to the person of the *debutante*—an incarnation, as it were, of youth in its most engaging semblance. Nothing Gaelic could possibly be prettier (no offence to Catherine Hayes, who is known to be one of our idols), nothing Gaelic could more strongly appeal to the hearty sentiment of the mass. We shall say no more on this head. Not being limners, who shall expect minute delineation of features at our pens? The salient characteristics of Mdle. Duprez' style of vocalization are extreme neatness, graceful choice of ornament, rounded periods, expression without excess of accent, or redundancy in the use of the *rubato*, perfect taste in the licenses of the *point d'orgue*, clear articulation of the words, and combined ease and finish of execution—which admirable qualities may fairly be traced to the inestimable advantages she must naturally have derived from the instructions of her father, M. Duprez. We need not enter into an analysis of her manner of singing the "*Perche non ho*," although it presented several new features, upon which, were we in a critical mood, or in the humour of elaboration, we might feathily fasten. Let it suffice that Mdle. Duprez accomplished this test of Italian vocalization in a mistress-like fashion; nor was there any reason to plead seventeen springs in extenuation of unfinished achievement, points of inexperienced scholarship, or, indeed, any shortcomings whatever. It was a brilliant piece of execution, and the only thing it wanted, physical force, will certainly be attained when coming summers shall have knit the frame, expanded the chest, ripened the form, matured the voice, and developed the resources, mental and corporeal, of this most charming bud of promise, which (or we are no seers, no sayers of sooth) shall one day be a full rose of glowing hue, fragrant odour, and rich embowerage of petals.

Mdle. Duprez' qualifications as an actress were, of course, unhinted at, until that passage, which may be considered (because it actually is) the point whereon the fortunes of Lucy and the sad catastrophe of the drama turn—the passage where Enrico shows his sister the letter. Here, the demeanour of the interesting stranger indicated deep feeling and an intelligent appreciation of the *rôle* (Thucydides). When signing the contract, Mdle. Duprez entered with a profound sentiment, entirely undefaced by exaggeration, into the histrionic conditions of the scene, making the situation one rather of tearful despair and quiet resignation than a convulsive struggle between still-enduring love and resolute will, adopting in this, and not unreasonably, we think, the reading of Persiani and the Italians, instead of that of Jenny Lind and the Germans—neither of which, by the way, fulfil Sir Walter's notion of his own heroine, however they may square with what is "evolved" (Thucydides) from the dramatic version of Donizetti's librettist. Her execution of the grand *scena* in the mad scene, and, above all, the *aria* with which it concludes, "*Spargi d'amaro pianto*," was Mdle. Duprez' greatest vocal triumph during the evening. With the exception of a *cadenza* introducing the last *reprise* of the rondo—out of place, since it did not accommodate itself to the harmony of the composer, and which we recommend her to omit for the future—the whole was as faultless as it was a charming example of expressive and brilliant singing, and we were not surprised at the enthusiasm of the audience from pit to gallery, or at the unanimous recall, thrice reiterated with triple-throated vehemence, which thrice brought back the gentle

daughter of a renowned father to be trebly made aware of the approbation of her delighted hearers. So much for the present of Mdle. Duprez, whose success surpassed the most sanguine wishes of her friends and admirers, even, we make bold to say, of the director himself, and who appears to-night in a new part, Oscar, the page, in Auber's *Gustave III.*

What we have to say of the other artists of the *dramatis personæ* must be compressed into a very few words. Calzolari, that excellent, and florid, and zealous, and always perfect singer—Calzolari, the chosen *tenore di bravura* of M.M. Fétis and Lumley, although he sang to perfection at the rehearsal, and although, contrary to the somewhat anomalous sentiments of some of our coteremporaries, the part of Edgardo is precisely suited to his powers—and that it is not essentially the property of a *tenore robusto*, witness Rubini and Mario, whose versions of the part were infinitely preferable to that of Fraschini, the man after Verdi's own heart, the "*tenore di maledizione*" (Thucydides)—Calzolari did not in the evening do himself justice, owing to a circumstance which may be stated in a few words. On the day of performance Calzolari was arrested with a violent attack of influenza, and, as might be expected, under the gripe of that merciless malady, was unable to develop his resources to advantage. We think, in justice to such a clever and well-tried artist, that Mr. Lee, the ready and eloquent apologist of the establishment, should have been instructed by Mr. Balfe to step forward and explain to the audience the sufferings under which their favourite, Signor Calzolari, was labouring; instead thereof, the audience were left to their own surmises, which might have been favourable or the contrary, extenuating or inculcating, according to complexion, temperament, and humour. Luckily, Signor Calzolari, though deprived of much of his physical force, could not be robbed of those qualities of expression and style which belong to his legitimate and purely vocal method; and therefore, though in the *aria* where Edgardo maledicts the suffering Lucia, strength and energy failed him, in all the tender passages, and especially in the famous "*Fra poco*," he exhibited those graces which are so remarkable in his singing, and was applauded *pro tanto*, and that not coldly.

From the other characters let us single out Signor Bianchi (not Bianchi), who, in Bidebent, exhibited a bass voice of agreeable quality and a good method of singing. Still let us own we see no just cause or reason why this part should have been taken from Frederick Lablache, who has always filled it so much to the satisfaction of the manager, the subscribers, and the public.

Signor Romagnoli, a newly imported tenor, in the little character of Arturo, showed a tall, commanding figure, and transposed his solo in the *finale* of the second act a note downwards; while Signor Lorenzo gesticulated the part of Enrico in a vehement manner, introducing a quantity of bye-play which no doubt illustrated his own ideas of the part.

Throughout its brilliant career, we never recollect the opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor* to have passed off with more *eclat* than on Saturday night. This was, of course, owing, in a great measure, to the engrossing interest attached to the *debut* of Mdle. Caroline Duprez, and to the entire success which attended it. But there were also other circumstances conducing to the general effect; and, among them, a more satisfactory completeness of *ensemble* than we have for some time been accustomed to at Her Majesty's Theatre, where the "star" system has absorbed two-thirds of the attention of the management, and weakened the resources of the establishment.

Not a little, however, of the success of the evening was due



to Mr. Balfe; who, besides conducting the performance with his accustomed energy, readiness, and untiring zeal, has entitled himself to the praise of the well-judging, by the manifest improvements he has made in the band and chorus. The improved quality and strength of the latter was made manifest in the grand finale of the second act, and in other principal points. The band, after the opera, or rather after the National Anthem, which followed it, executed Auber's overture to *La Muette de Portici*, with brilliant effect, and obtained genuine and well-deserved applause. The improvement of this powerful instrumental force may be easily imagined when it is known, that besides retaining Piatti, Lavigne, Remusat, Tolbecque, and other artists *de la première force*, the first violins are strengthened by the addition of Herr Laub (principal solist at the Imperial Josephstadt Theatre in Vienna), Herr Deichmann, an artist of well-known talent, Sig. Squassoni (leader of the orchestra at the grand Opera in Parma), M. Bequié de Pegreville (announced—on doubtful authority—as leader of the Italian Opera in Paris), Mr. Viotti Collins, and Herr Labitzky (one of two sons of Labitzky); besides M. Vogel (first tenor at the Grand Opera in Brussels), Messrs. Rowland and Pratten (double-basses from the Royal Italian Opera), and Herr Muller, (double-bass, from the Grand Opera Darmstadt). The weaker parts of the band are to be found among some of the wind instruments (as last season)—not the trombones, which are good, though noisy, nor the ophicleide (from M. Laurent's Casino), which is excellent. Mr. Pratten, by the way, leaves at the opening of Covent Garden.

After the opera, the National Anthem was sung by all the company, at least all at present in London. The principle verses were sung by Mdlle. Duprez, who sings very plain and excellent English, and the charming Mdlle. Fiorentini, whose handsome presence was warmly greeted.

We have left ourselves but scant room to do justice to the ballet of M. Taglioni, *L'Ile des Amours*, one of the most fanciful and exquisite of that accomplished inventor's creations, and one of the most successful. Let us at once—our own style being somewhat garrulous and redundant where the ballet is concerned—avail ourselves of the argument, so daintily set forth in the polished prose of our contemporary, *The Morning Herald* :—

We are transported to the Isle of the Loves, peopled by shepherds and shepherdesses, the dainty Fleurette being the beauty for whom all youths in tights and slashed sleeves sigh. But the elastic Colin has pantomimed himself into the maiden's heart, and the couple are betrothed; when, lo, the governor of the island is smitten like his subjects, with the charms of the fair *bergere*. He pushes aside the lover, and submits himself instead. We do not marvel that he is repulsed with indignation; but we do when he passes, in the fulness of his chagrin, a law against "love," to which he hopes to give a good working effect by sending all the shepherds to one side of the island, and all the shepherdesses to the other. The bride he takes home to his own castle, to be mollified and tempted by the luxuries of wealth. In the interim, Cupid, whose dignity has been insulted by the act of the potentate, lets fly a cloud of amoretts among the shepherdesses, who have no objection to a little contraband recreation with their supernatural visitants. The shepherds, however, have revolted at the imperial edict, and coming *en masse* to the rescue of the shepherdesses, are naturally enraged at the mischief that is going on, and they manage, we know not how, to catch the winged depredators, and imprison them in a cage that must, from its appearance, be made of barley-sugar. The court ladies become—(again we know not how)—the gaolers of the fluttering group; but they succumb to the wiles and artifices of the common enemy, and eventually find themselves in the cage which they had engaged to guard. The arrival of the potentate who rules the island with such strokes of

enlightened legislation is the signal for open war between the royal forces and the troops of Cupid. We are soon in possession of the result; but our own feeble words are unable to do justice to it. Let us quote the Thucydides of the theatre, who closes his narrative of the proceedings with this masterly and suggestive sentence :—"Love," he says, "wins Youth and Beauty from the grasp of Authority, and ascends with them in glowing triumph, leaving his defeated foe such consolation as he may find in the fit society of the courtly forms, which, stiff and gorgeous with brocade and hoop, armed at all points with Powder, Patch, and Fan, rise from all quarters of the dull nether-earth, where Authority is left to rule, as best he may—these his proper subjects."

How all this is realised upon the stage may be readily imagined when we say, that Mr. Marshall has steeped his pencil, as it were, in sunbeams, and drawn *tableaux* one, two, three, and four, of which, had Watteau seen them, he, Watteau, would have been jealous. *Apropos* of Watteau—whose artificial nature, exhibited in manifold pictures, and *emails*, and chasings, of which the French are unanimously amorous, has been the foundation of M. Taglioni's pretty ballet—listen to the oracle of the *Opera Box*, the smart *brochure*, which, we are pleased to observe, is again distributed in the boxes and stalls, and which is so manifest an improvement on the lean and ancient bill of fare, and which quotes the *Musical World*, a proof of good taste and discrimination; the oracle of the *Opera Box* will tell you who was Watteau.

Anthony Watteau, one of the most agreeable painters of the French school, was born at Valenciennes, in 1684. His parents were in indigent circumstances, and he was placed with an obscure artist in his native city, to cultivate a talent which manifested itself early. When he was about 16 years old, having already surpassed his preceptor, he connected himself with a scene-painter on his way to Paris, and for some time assisted his associate in decorating the opera-house in that city. When this engagement was completed Watteau found it difficult to rescue himself from the obscurity and embarrassment into which he fell, when happily he became acquainted with Claude Gillot, a painter of grotesque and fabulous subjects, who was pleased with his works and disposition. Gillot afforded him an asylum in his own house, and then instructed him in all he knew of the art, and found an apt agreeable scholar in his *protégé*. With the help he thus received from Gillot, and his own admiration and attentive study of the Luxembourg gallery, he formed a taste for colouring, which, if not as grand, is at least as agreeable, as ever was employed by any one. He attempted to prepare himself for historical painting, and studied at the Academy with that view; he even was so successful as to obtain the first prize there for an historical picture; but happily he discovered a character of subject quite original, and exactly suited to his taste, for which he wisely deserted history, and which has since formed plenty of aspirants, but has never been so successfully practised. The theatre, the opera, *fêtes champêtres*, masquerades, pantomimes, puppet-shows, afforded him his figures; the gardens of the Luxembourg and of the Tuileries, of Versailles and St. Cloud furnished the scenes. In these nature prevails only in colouring, and that is exquisite, rich, delicate, clear and full; bright without grandness, and deep without blackness; laid on with a freedom, fulness and delicacy of touch, which no one ever surpassed. The true character of Watteau's pictures is French gentility, gay, cheerful, *debonnaire*, of which self-satisfaction is the surest basis. Watteau visited England in the reign of George I., but did not enjoy his health here, and returned to France in about a year, where he died in 1721, at the early age of 37.

Thus was Watteau—a good limner and a zealous.

Mdlle. Amalia Ferraris, who was received with the highest marks of favour, has improved, not only as a dancer but as a mimist. Retaining those remarkable qualities of strength, agility, and firmness, which won her such great applause last year, she has acquired a large addition of grace and *legereté*. She looked the Watteau shepherdess charmingly, and her

pantomime all through was very natural and pretty. In the scene where she ridicules the stilted minuet of the antique "grande dame" (admirably represented by Mdle. Petit Stephan), she exhibited a great deal of archness and lively humour. Her *pas de Trebuchet* (in which she was cleverly seconded by the young and improving Mdle. Aussandon) was very piquant, and in her *grand pas de deux* with M. Charles, who throughout the *ballet* is a very squirrel of activity, she introduced some of the most difficult and elaborate of her *tours de force*, with unflinching success. Mdle. Ferraris was continually honoured by the warmest applause, and has risen another step in the estimation of the public.

The two principal "loves" were Mdle. Tedeschi and Mdle. Aussandon, who looked and leaped their parts to admiration. Mdle. Tedeschi is ambitious. Let her not abandon grace for the sake of mere display; let her not forget that the great charm in feats of strength and activity lies in the ease which half conceals their difficulty from the looker on. *Un mot suffit*. M. Gosselin was perfectly bombastic, *rococo*, and amusing, as the amorous governor of the "Isle of Loves," and the subordinate parts were well played by M. M. Venafrà, Gouriet, Ehrick, and Di Mattia. M. Charles has wonderfully improved in his dancing. Nothing now can prevent him from occupying the very highest place in his profession, providing his zeal and enthusiasm continue unabated.

We have already hinted that Mr. Marshall had surpassed himself. Let us add that the costumes were deliciously fresh and gaudily appropriate. In the case of the *Grande Dame*, however, who danced the minuet, as Mdle. Petit Stephan has very good feet, she might advantageously curtail half an inch of her dress, and let the audience have a sight of them. Something would be gained, and nothing marred, by this concession. The machinery worked admirably, and the cage in which the "loves," and then the ladies of the court, were confined, is a pretty fantastical conceit, well carried out. Although a little long, the *ballet* went off with increasing applause, and brought the curtain down triumphantly at a quarter past midnight. *L'Île des Amours*, by the way, is a real *ballet* of action, and we are grateful to M. Taglioni for having made a new attempt to revive this agreeable species of entertainment, which has been gradually disappearing, to make way for mere skeleton frames, in which a *pas seul*, a *pas de deux*, *trois*, or *quatre*, and one or two *pas de caractères* are the prominent figures. We feared, indeed, that the real *ballet* was going out of fashion altogether. M. Taglioni has pleasantly disappointed us, as he did by the way, even more remarkably, in his spirited *Metamorphoses*.

M. Nadaud's music is brilliant, light, varied, and thoroughly *dansante*. There is also, as we have hinted, a fugue in it. True, M. Nadaud has dipped, here and there, into a few of the ballets of the *Académie Royale de Musique et de la Danse*, as it was once called, and may be again; but he has dipped discreetly, and there is much of his own that sparkles with unborrowed light, and loses nothing by comparison. M. Nadaud is a good musician, and knows his business. He conducted the ballet with his usual talent.

And now we have said all we have to say on the opening night of Her Majesty's Theatre. To night Auber's *Gustave* is to be produced, with Mdle. Caroline Duprez as Oscar, and Madame Fiorentini as Madame Ankerstrom; while, last not least, the incomparable Carlotta Grisi will make her *reentrée* in the scene of the masked ball.

#### MdLE. CAROLINE DUPREZ.

Our subscribers in the country will doubtless be pleased to read the opinions of some of the metropolitan papers on the

*debut* of this young and highly promising singer, who, were she nothing more than the daughter of her father, the French Braham, would still be an object of universal interest in the musical world. We are, moreover, glad to be able to show that we do not stand alone in our high opinion of the capabilities of Mdle. Duprez. The *Daily News*, after some preliminary remarks about her birth and parentage, her late success in Paris, her cordial reception on Saturday night, and the agreeable impression produced by her appearance and confirmed during the progress of the opera, thus criticises her vocal and histrionic merits.

"Mdle. Duprez is not one of those who carry an audience by storm. She is very young—not yet eighteen, we understand—and her physical powers have evidently not yet reached their full maturity. She is of middle height, with a slender and somewhat girlish figure, but she is exceedingly handsome and full of grace in all her movements. She has fine features, and her jet-black eyes are of uncommon brilliancy and power. The beauty of her luxuriant tresses adds to the charm of her appearance. Her voice, we are convinced, has not yet attained its full strength and volume. Its tone is thin: in this respect resembling Persiani's, but softer and sweeter. It is, indeed, entirely free from the shrillness which is often found in voices of this kind. It is a pure *soprano*, and has been so well formed by a skilful method, that, throughout its extensive scale, it has the quality of a fine violin. But it is in the lower tones that its charm chiefly lies; they are exquisitely sweet and mellow. There can be no doubt, in short, that Mdle. Duprez's voice requires nothing more than a little time and moderate exercise (for now that she is *lancée* upon the stage there is too much danger of its being too severely taxed) to become an organ not surpassed by any singer of our day.

"Mdle. Duprez resembles Persiani, not only in some qualities of voice, but also in the high finish of her execution and the artistical character of her style. Persiani, like Mdle. Duprez, is the daughter of one of the greatest tenor singers and accomplished musicians of his time; and both of them have profited by paternal training and instruction. Mdle. Duprez sings with the most perfect truth of intonation, her voice is pure musical tone without the slightest mixture of any sound caused by faulty emission, her phrasing is beautiful, and her elocution is clear, elegant, and expressive. In her embellishments she is much simpler than Persiani; a difference which we ascribe to the circumstance that her father, as an Italian singer, adopted the more modern style, which eschews the profusion of florid ornament formerly belonging to the Italian school.

"As an actress, Mdle. Duprez has great gifts; but they, probably, require even more than her vocal powers, to be developed by more maturity of age. It is impossible to be a great actress at seventeen, but Mdle. Duprez already acts with so much grace, feeling, and intelligence, that we can easily imagine her, at five-and-twenty, raised to the very pinnacle of her art. Her Lucia had a great deal of Walter Scott's own conception of the character of Lucy; soft, tender, and devoted; unable to bear the force of violent passion, but driven at once, by her lover's cruelty, to madness and death. In the opening scene, the gentleness with which Lucy bore Edgar's moody irritability was beautifully represented. The horror with which, writhing on the ground, with features convulsed and eyes distended with horror, she listened to his imprecations in the malediction scene, was a trait of originality which showed Mdle. Duprez's genius for her art. In her final scene she exhibited only the softer traits of Lucy's madness—the fond reminiscences mixed with paroxysms of grief. Her whole performance of the part was a charming picture; it might have been stronger, but could scarcely have been more beautiful."

Except in the preference accorded to the lower notes of Mdle. Duprez's voice, and the comparison with Persiani, we agree with most of the above remarks, which evidently proceed from an experienced pen, and contain much vigorous and sensible criticism. The *Times*, in an article less excursive, but not less emphatically kind writes as follows:—



"Mademoiselle Caroline Duprez was warmly greeted on her first entrance, and at once struck her audience by her light and youthful appearance. Her dress was simple but picturesque, her gestures graceful and unaffected. She was not the Lucia elevated into a tragic heroine, but the artless, sensitive girl, gently winning the sympathies, not taking them by storm. Her age is said not to exceed 18, and as an almost necessary consequence her voice, though beautifully fresh, has not yet attained its full volume. She is not as yet a powerful singer, but nevertheless the organ is equal throughout, and there is not a note without its value. Her training must have been most admirable. Through the whole character her execution was a remarkable specimen of steadiness and truth; every passage was perfectly rendered; not a single fault of intonation was committed; and it should be observed, that she gained in favour as the opera progressed. Those who had been most susceptible of the juvenile want of power at the beginning, were surprised by the effect which she gave to the concluding aria in the mad scene. The grace, delicacy, and precision with which she executed the difficult ornaments were most gratifying to the ear, and seldom do we find the quality of neatness raised to so high a position. The acting of the mad scene is in keeping with all the rest—not a terrific display of violence, but a quiet exhibition of grief. It is a great virtue in Mdle. Caroline Duprez that she does not attempt too much in the histrionic way, but that all she *does* attempt she carries out thoroughly. The poignant anguish of the marriage scene, for instance, could not have been more impressively represented than by the simple means which the young vocalist employed. She was called at the end of each act, but her great triumph was the *aria* above alluded to, where she was summoned back by universal acclamations before Edgardo had commenced his *finale*."

The *Morning Post* begins by some very apt observations on the dangers attached to a great name, which, says our contemporary, "if a legitimate passport to public interest, is at the same time one which subjects the bearer to an unusually severe scrutiny." Nothing can be truer, and nothing more true than what the writer subsequently admits—that Mdle. Duprez "came most honourably through the trying ordeal." His criticism is as below:—

"Mdle. Duprez possesses a pure, silvery, *soprano* voice, not very full in quality, but remarkably fresh and youthful. It is firm throughout, and clear as crystal in the upper register, especially from E in the fourth space to C above. Assiduous exercise has rendered it very flexible, without, however, impairing the brilliancy of its tone. Her method is perfect. Nothing can be more artistic than the vocal management, or more systematic than her execution. She has not sung many bars before you feel that whatever difficulty she may attempt will certainly be accomplished; so scrupulously correct is her style, so composed and steady her manner. The young lady's intonation too, if we except a slight tendency to rise (which might, on this occasion, have been the result of nervousness), is irreproachable. As an actress she is judicious and pleasing, her demeanour is lady-like, her countenance expressive and interesting, and her figure, though *petite*, symmetrically formed. We have rarely seen so carefully studied and level a performance from so young an artist; and when more matured study and experience shall have enabled her to throw off a certain mechanical and tutored air, with which she may now occasionally be reproached, and taught her the art of hiding art, we may look far and wide for her superior. At present she lacks *abandon* and spontaneous emotion. For this reason it was in those portions of the opera which do not require great powers of expression or dramatic intensity, that her abilities were most advantageously displayed. The *aria d'intrata*, for instance, was a masterpiece of executive skill. Anything more graceful and finished than her performance of this could scarcely be imagined. The subject was first delivered with captivating simplicity and elegance: its subsequent embellishments were at once thoroughly appropriate and strikingly original; the *entrées* managed with exquisite taste, and the *bravura* passages rendered with a brilliant fluency and distinctness of articulation worthy of

unqualified commendation. In the duet "*Sulla Tomba*," and the contract-scene, she was, for reasons already given, less successful. In these, the absence of pathos and dramatic colouring somewhat marred the effect of her otherwise correct and excellent performance. Her execution, however, of portions of the difficult *scena* in the third act was of rare and redeeming beauty. We never heard the concluding three-four movement given with so much delicacy and point. The conception of the florid air was perfectly original, and its details were elaborated to a degree of elegance and refinement rarely attained by any vocalist. We especially admired her delivery of the chromatic *volatine*, and succeeding syncopated passages; the effect produced was novel as admirable, and richly merited the enthusiastic applause which it elicited.

"Mdle. Duprez's success was complete; and Mr. Lumley may congratulate himself upon the accession of another bright star to his musical galaxy."

We are sure that Mdle. Duprez will have the good sense to appreciate and be grateful for the hints contained in the above friendly and able estimate of her accomplishments, which, coming from the pen of a musician, carries with it double weight. Not less encouraging is the *compte rendu* of the *Morning Herald*, in one of the best critiques we have ever read from the pen of the eloquent and impartial reviewer to whom the musical department of that journal is entrusted. Our contemporary also sets out with some preliminaries, which having elsewhere disclosed, we need not here reiterate. The following will serve our purpose, which we insert, however, with a protest against the fact of Mdle. Duprez possessing a physiognomy of the Israelitish cast:—

"The personal appearance of the debutante at once prepossessed the spectator in her favour. Small in stature, and evidently not yet far emerged from girlhood, piquantly Jewish in the cast of countenance, in demeanour sweetly modest and unassuming, the new Lucia kindled universal sympathy the moment she set foot upon the stage. Although the ordeal through which she was about to pass was a severe one, her self-possession, notwithstanding the vehemence of the salutation, did not desert her, and she delivered the '*Perché non ho*,' a test of no ordinary kind, with as much excellence probably as she would have exhibited had the circumstances been less exciting and the stake at issue less important. The characteristics of Mdle. Duprez's voice are sweetness and flexibility, frequently reminding the listener of the instrumental delicacy of the organ of Persiani. Power it certainly has not, and hence we do not imagine that for a year or two, at least, she will be enabled to grapple with parts of the higher tragic class. The cultivation to which her voice has been subjected is betrayed in the smoothness and docility of her execution, which is exquisitely neat and finished, nothing occurring from the first note to the last that is crude or irritating. This easy and unforced delicacy, combined with an intonation uniformly just, ensures most agreeable results; and though as a vocal demonstration no effect is produced that is large or astonishing, we have seldom had so pleasing a *Lucia*—one so personally accordant with the spirit of the story. She rendered the well-known cavatina to which we have referred with simple and graceful freedom; and we were soon put out of fear for the floriture, all the feats which declare the ripeness of exercise, and the command of voice which it is its function to establish, being plainly within close and immediate reach. The child and pupil of the finest dramatic singer in Europe, the musical education of Mdle. Duprez has been conducted under peculiar advantages; and the fruits are before us in purity of style, correctness of articulation, nicely-balanced phrasing, and elocutionary exactness. These qualities were vividly manifested in the two duets which follow the cavatina, and again in the mad scene. We could scarcely expect to find, in short, a more adroit and better-disciplined order of mechanism.

"But it is only in the executive needs of singing that Mdle. Duprez will gain her present laurels. She seems to be wanting in the quick and fiery impulse which animates the great dramatic

artist—though for this her extreme youth must be accountable. A year or two will effect a great difference in this respect. In the meanwhile, her Lucia, as an histrionic delineation, is of inferior interest. The attitudes and the gestures which shape and identify emotion are the suggestions of the master rather than the inspirations of the mind; and this limitation to the line and rule of scholarship makes the outline sharp but truthless. This was apparent in the scene with her brother, when she is imposed upon by the fiction which breaks her heart; and more strongly still in the great and trying situation which closes the second act. The passage of madness was conducted upon similar principles of representation. Like Persiani's, it was a display of the choicest singing; but the dramatic import sought to be developed by appropriate action, and the assumption of maniac wildness, could hardly be said to be impressive for the reasons we have stated. The applause, nevertheless, which echoed through the house, was at all times of the most encouraging kind. Not only was the object of it called before the curtain at the conclusion of the first and second acts, but twice even when the opera terminated. The public never bestowed their compliments with greater emphasis."

Our *Morning Chronicle* has been misled; but we can inform our readers, having perused the article on Saturday's performance, that Mdlle. Duprez is more lavishly eulogised, and more gently turned upon the wheel of criticism, in that important sheet, than in any of those we have quoted. If we have room we may probably insert a specimen of it in our next. Meanwhile we hope that Mdlle. Duprez, and her bay-crowned progenitor, are satisfied with their welcome, and will consider that the London public and the London press have done justice, not less to their hearts than to their heads, in the reception they have unanimously accorded to the young and charming debutante.

## SECOND PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

THE attendance was as numerous as at the first concert, and the programme better selected, which the following will shew:

### PART I.

Sinfonia, No. 11 (Grand)	-	-	-	Haydn.
Quintett, "Tell me, good Ali" (Azor and Zemira)	-	-	-	
Miss Kearns, Miss Thornton, Miss Williams, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Bodda	-	-	-	Spohr.
Introduction and Rondo, Pianoforte, M. W. H. Holmes	-	-	-	Mendelssohn.
Recit. and Aria, "Non so donde v'inc," Mr. Bodda	-	-	-	Mozart.
Overture (Anacreon)	-	-	-	Cherubini.

### PART II.

Sinfonia Eroica	-	-	-	Beethoven.
Quartett, "The Nightingale," Miss Kearns, Miss Williams, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Bodda	-	-	-	Mendelssohn.
Concertino (MS.) Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus	-	-	-	Molique.
Terzetto, "Night's lingering shades" (Azor and Zemira) Miss Kearns, Miss Thornton, and Miss Williams	-	-	-	Spohr.
Overture (MS.)	-	-	-	Schlösser.

The symphonies are *chef d'œuvres*, on which it is unnecessary to enlarge, their merits being familiar to every musician and every amateur, more especially to those musicians and amateurs who subscribe to the Philharmonic. Haydn's symphony was played in a manner which left no point for the severest critic to lay hold upon, except the *tempo* of the minuet; this at first was taken too slow, but in the *reprise* was restored to the proper time. Strange to say the charming *andante*, commonly known as the clock movement, escaped its customary encore. The *Eroica* was given with great energy, but still without that delicacy of finish and variety of light and shade which its faithful interpretation demands. The *allegro con brio*, the most colossal movement even Beethoven ever wrote for the

orchestra, produced an overpowering effect; the *finale*, the composer's *ultimatum* as a display of contrapuntal ingenuity, almost as elaborate and masterly in its way as the *finale* to Mozart's "Jupiter," was never better appreciated by the audience; and the sublime *Marcia Funebre* made a profound impression, Mr. Costa taking the time to perfection, and carefully avoiding the dragging which is so apt, with many conductors, to deprive the movement of half its effect. The *scherzo* was very well played; but the trio for the horns was a sad mess, and caused many inquiries in the room as to the absence of Mr. Jarrett from his place in the orchestra, for which we shall endeavour to account in our next. The *Marcia*, too, escaped its encore, which leads us to hope that the subscribers are beginning to see the inconvenience and absurdity of repetitions in general.

The great event of the evening, at least that which engrossed the general interest, and must be noted as the only novelty, was the performance of Mendelssohn's Rondo in B minor by Mr. W. H. Holmes, a gentleman whose distinguished merits as a pianist should long ere this have introduced him to the Philharmonic subscribers. Our opinion of Mr. Holmes must be familiar to all our readers. That we place him, and have always placed him, among the most remarkable pianists, not in England only, but in Europe, it is scarcely necessary to insist, since happily our view of his merits is that of the entire profession, and in short of every amateur of the piano in this country who has had the opportunity of hearing him, with the capability of judging of his pretensions. In selecting the rondo of Mendelssohn Mr. Holmes would appear to have been determined to test his powers of self-control to the uttermost. A more "fidgety," and a more difficult piece, for piano with orchestral accompaniments, was never composed even by Mendelssohn himself, most of whose works demand as much calmness and presence of mind as perfect mechanism, varied and passionate expression, firmness and brilliancy of execution. Mr. Holmes, however, has been too long possessed of these desirable qualities to be deprived of them at a moment's notice, and on an occasion when they were more than ever necessary. His performance was a masterly exhibition of manual dexterity, combined with all the highest qualities of expression. There is a peculiar elasticity in this gentleman's touch, which admits of some exquisitely delicate effects peculiarly his own, added to a plasticity of tone, that, yielding to the impulse of the mind, gives birth to a variety of gradation, rendering monotony of effect impossible in his performance. Though evidently very nervous at the outset (and had he not been so, Mr. Holmes could never have been the sensitive, or as the French better express it, *sensible* pianist he is), the feeling, which thus naturally oppressed him, was almost instantaneously overcome, and established in the full possession of his resources, the pianist gave way to his impressions, succeeded in completely engrossing the attention of the whole audience, and in achieving a great and unequivocal triumph. The applause which followed his performance was as unanimous and enthusiastic as that which greeted his appearance on the platform, and Mr. Holmes may be fairly said to have won for himself, by this *coup d'essai*, what he has long enjoyed in the estimation of the profession in general, a place in the opinion of the critical audience of the Philharmonic, not inferior to that enjoyed by the most accomplished pianists whose presence has graced the orchestra of the society.

The Clarinet fantasia was interesting in a double sense, as a finished performance in which beauty of tone and perfect mechanism were combined, and (which is not to be wondered at in Herr Molique) as music of a far higher order than



is ordinarily written for solo displays. Mr. Lazarus was loudly and deservedly applauded by the whole room. The success of two eminent English performers at one Philharmonic concert is a matter for general congratulation, and we should be delighted to record the same distinction in favor of two English composers.

The hacknied overture to *Anacreon* was brilliantly played, and much applauded; that of Herr Schlösser, a novelty, since it was never given before, being no more nor less than a piece of empty bombast, will, we trust, be allowed to retire into its former obscurity.

The vocal music was admirably selected, but, with the exception of Mendelssohn's quartett, inefficiently executed. Mr. Bodda deserves credit for selecting the very difficult song of Mozart (a magnificent composition, by the way), and for the zeal which he had evidently employed in studying it; but at present it is too much for him. From the general charge of inefficiency let us exempt Miss Williams, who, as usual, was perfect to a note.

### Reviews of Music.

"A MORNING AND EVENING CATHEDRAL SERVICE."—J. L. HOPKINS, Mus. Bac.—Joseph Surman.

The gradually-spreading desire of elevating the character of our Cathedral Service is a sign of the times to which it is impossible to attach too great an importance. Our cathedral organists, influenced by the improved taste of congregations, whence acquired it is not here necessary to discuss, dissatisfied with the elder twaddle to which the apathy of our forefathers gave authority, either draw upon the works of the great composers, church and un-church, or make new music of their own, that more fully, and with more dignity, illustrates the sublime passages of our English Common Prayer, which fall into the Morning and Evening Services of the Church. Mr. J. L. Hopkins, organist of the Rochester Cathedral, is of these latter, and has eagerly girded himself to the task of praising God in music.

If the Morning and Evening Services of Mr. Hopkins cannot be strictly lauded as pure specimens of Church style, or as masterpieces of simple and grand harmony, or as perfect examples of vocal part writing, or as essays in which the several laws of counterpoint are rendered nobly conducive to the highest ends of music, they may at least be extolled as the earnest and sincere labours of one who has evidently the best musical aspirations, united to a just feeling of the solemn task he has taken in hand. The great fault we have to note against Mr. Hopkins is a general indecision of key, especially in respect to the major and minor modes, which he continually confounds, or rather muddles together. Take as an instance the passage beginning, page 4, on the unison, "Thou art the King Glory." The first four bars are in C minor; in the dominant passage, bar 8, we have the chord of C major; and in the first bar of page 5, the chord of the 6th of C minor. How much clearer would the passage be if the whole were in the minor! In the bass solo immediately following, the progression of harmony is exceedingly confused. The E natural, with the C in the bass and B flat for the voice, would naturally lead you to suppose that you were going to F minor; but, instead of taking the A flat in the common chord of that key, Mr. Hopkins makes the B flat a suspension, and the next chord becomes the dominant on B flat, leading to E flat—whereby the ear is disappointed, and the only effect obtained is a confusion between the keys of F minor and E flat. Further on, at the words, "Thou didst abhor," where much the same progression occurs, by retaining the chord of F minor, the confusion is avoided; but, at the end of the passage, on the words, "Sharpness of death," the cadence is even more distorted than in the passage already alluded to. The ante-penultimate and penultimate bars give you clearly reason to expect that the cadence will be on the dominant of E flat; instead of which, on the word "Death," you find yourself, unexpectedly and disagreeably, on the 6-4-2 on B flat, in the oft-threatened key of F minor, which again

turns out a disappointment—for, in the third bar, we have another modulation to E flat, and at last a full close on B flat. The *fugato* on the words, "Thou sittest at the right hand of God," is clever and effective; but surely the A, in the voice part and in the accompaniment, in bar 3 of line 2, should be natural, otherwise there is again a needless confusion between F minor and F major. This otherwise good *fugato* is damaged by a most perplexing uncertainty of key, commencing with a progression, after the pedale on C, which finds itself, at the end, uncomfortably lodged in the key of C major. In the next page, line 2, bar 2, on the words, "Thou hast redeemed," instead of what would be a flowing and natural cadence in the key of F (which the ear decidedly anticipates), the 6-4 on C changes, in a very unsatisfactory manner, to an anticipated tonic in the key of C major, which again makes its appearance on the words, "Make them to be numbered," as unwelcome, because a unnaturally, as before. Moreover, in the 3rd bar, an inversion of the chord of the 9th on G (the last in the bar) is introduced in an irregular manner. In page 8, line 2, bars 3 and 4, on the words, "Worship thy name ever," there is a passage of contrary motion, between the highest voice part and the bass, which, though exceedingly bold, is by no means agreeable or correct. The voice part has F, G, A, B flat, C, D, E, crotchets, F—while the bass has G, F, E, crotchets, D minim, C, B flat, crotchets, A—which chord of the 6th, thus attained, is followed, in a most allowable manner by the 6-5-4 on B natural, (an inversion of the chord of the 13th) the effect of which is as unpleasant as it is unexpected. In the last bar of the last line of the same page, and the first bar of the next page, there is some more confusion between major and minor B flat; and, at the bottom of the same page, last bar but two, another inversion of the chord of the 9th is illegally pressed into the service. In the last bar but one of page 11, in the "Jubilate," the chord of the 6th on B flat requires an F added, before it can properly be resolved upon the full chord of F major.

These are but a few of the errors to be found in the "Morning Service;" but they are enough for our purpose, and enough, we hope, since they have been noted with the best intentions, to induce Mr. Hopkins to cast a more critical eye over any future work he may compose, ere submitting it to the public. We may at once say that the "Magnificat" and "Nunc dimittis," which compose the Evening Service, are almost entirely free from these faults, much more clear and masterly, much better arranged for the voices, much simpler, much less clogged with unnecessary modulations and unnatural and unexpected cadences, much more decided as to keys, and infinitely more satisfactory in respect of rhythm and melody in general. When we have specified the last bar of line 1, page 16, where the bass note of the chord of the 6th is unnecessarily doubled in the voice parts, we have done with all objections. Independently of this, there are many really beautiful passages in both pieces. The harmony and the melody, in "My soul doth magnify," and throughout the three following pages, are not only unexceptionably correct, but rich, effective, and strictly devotional in style. The whole of the passage, on the words, "He that is mighty," is not merely free from all error, but positively fine, while the pedale passage on F, in the next page, is charming, and the brief transition to the dominant of C minor, in the second line, as agreeable as it is unlooked for. The treble solo in B flat, "He hath showed strength," and the duet in the same key, and on the same words, are both flowing and melodious. But perhaps the best parts in the whole are the quartet for two trebles, tenor and bass, in E flat, and the chorus, "Glory, glory," in the same key, which follows. In the first, the passage on the words, "Abraham and his seed for ever," is remarkably graceful. Here, indeed, the sequence of 7ths is happily introduced. In the second, the passage on the words, "As it was in the beginning, &c.," again introduced in the "Nunc dimittis," (which has also a very pleasing, though very brief duet for two trebles), is bold and impressive, and brings the work to a climax with appropriate dignity.

Honestly and candidly, we recommend Mr. Hopkins to burn his "Morning Service," and to compose another worthy of association with his "Evening Service," a task of which we are sure he is capable, and which we shall not be sorry to learn he is willing

to undertake. Mr. Surman, who has already done us the favour to introduce in public an Anthem by Dr. Elvey, which met with well merited applause, will further render his subscribers and ourselves his debtors by according the same advantage to the "Magnificat," and "Nunc dimittis," of Mr. J. L. Hopkins, which are fully worthy of being presented to the subscribers of the London Sacred Harmonic Society. We know that it is needless to offer this hint to the elder and parent institution, which, with how much justice let others decide, arrogates exclusively to itself such a high and mighty position.

"A LAY FOR THE CHURCH"—SONG OF THE REFORMATION.  
Poetry by Andrew Park. Music by R. Macpherson. Z. T. Purday.

We can scarcely admit Mother Church, although, as stated in the joint lay of Messrs. Park and Macpherson, she be three hundred autumns old, to be a fit subject for a comic song, or for a parody; but Mr. Andrew Park, it is evident, holds not with us in this matter, and has manfully made Mother Church the subject of an amusing travesty of Mr. Chorley's "Brave Old Oak;" while Mr. Macpherson, who, eke, it would seem, holds not with us in this matter, has blithely caricatured Mr. Edward Loder's familiar tune. Mother Church, aged 300, if she be no purer than at her birth, is by no means of the purest; and Mr. Park, in his tetrastich, may *beau* make her "stand with the word in her hand," "crowned" with whatever his poetic fancy may suggest (the idea of Mother Church being *crowned* is rather droll even for a "lay"—some less squeamish poetaster, on the taste of it, will be giving us a stave in "King Death's" style—"King Church is a rare old fellow!")—Mr. Park may *beau* do this, and may *beau* intimate that,

"Tho' Roman guile *should* her name revile,  
And fain *would* lay her low,  
She'll prove that her arm has a god-like charm,  
To vanquish every foe!  
And still by her truth in perennial youth,  
Her fame more lofty *rise*;  
Tho' troubled awhile, she soon shall *smile*,  
This offspring of the skies!"

Mr. Park, we repeat, may *beau* indite a whole volume of such fustian *huitains*, and may *beau* get Mr. Disraeli, or any other red-hot worshipper of past mistakes, to chant it *vivâ voce* at a Tory revel—he will not mend the matter. In these days of happy should-be tolerance, the best thing, both for Protestant and Catholic, is to shut their eyes to the past, thank their stars that a man may declare his honest religious sentiments without fear of stake or "question," or, indeed, of any thing but the fiery tongue of bigotted old women and hungry partizans—which, luckily, is an empty sound, harmless but as inducing a desire to slumber—shut their eyes to the past, and read the *Musical World* in peace and quietness, without a thought of what may be the peculiar sentiments on matters of ecclesiastical ceremony or spiritual faith, of one, any, or all of its countless purchasers and subscribers—of the editor, sub-editor, and unknown number of assistants, who form the staff, even to the printers, publishers, readers, composers, and devils, not to take into count the foreign and provincial agents.

Seriously, we think Church controversies should be confined to prose polemics, or meetings in town-halls and corn-markets. Such things have nothing in common with an innocent, and humanizing, and peaceful, and refining art like music. We, therefore, class them with the "Consumption," and other "Hospital" songs, we condemned in a former number, on the same charge of inappropriateness. We find nothing in the present "lay" of Messrs. Andrew Park and Macpherson to exempt it from the general ban.

### Foreign.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 11.—FIRST CONCERT OF JENNY LIND.—The first appearance of Miss Lind before a New Orleans public attracted, as may be imagined, a concourse of brilliancy, beauty, and fashion, such as has seldom, if ever, graced the St. Charles Theatre. The spacious interior presented

a magnificent appearance. Every nook and corner, every "jutting frieze and coign of vantage" was occupied. The capacity of the building was tested to its utmost by the throng which had gathered to render homage to the genius of the Swedish vocalist. We recognized among the vast multitude almost all the eminent artists and amateurs of our city. The arrangements for the accommodation of the spectators were admirable, and no crowding or inconvenience was experienced. The first piece upon the programme was the overture to *Masaniello*, played by an orchestra of some thirty-five musicians, conducted with consummate skill by Mr. Benedict, and received with applause. After the overture we had the pleasure of hearing Signor Belletti in an aria from the *Maometto* of Rossini. Next came the bright particular star—Jenny Lind herself, dressed with elegance and taste, alike removed from the affectation of extreme simplicity and the extravagance of overloaded ornament. Miss Lind was welcomed with cordiality, though hardly with enthusiasm. The audience, however, warmed to her as she proceeded, and long before the close of the performances they displayed the characteristic ardour of the South, in the fervour and frequency of their plaudits. Miss Lind sang a variety of pieces, as if with the express object of exhibiting the manifold resources of her voice. We thought nothing could be finer than the first air "Come per me sereno;" until we listened to the duo from *Il Turco in Italia*; and we considered it impossible to surpass the cadence that terminated the air from the *Magic Flute*, until we were compelled still more to admire the trio from Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia*. We had been told that Jenny Lind lacks soul and we went with that impression. It strikes us that over fastidious critics have done her gross injustice. If by soul is meant dramatic and lyric capabilities, we humbly conceive that the concert is no place for their exhibition. They are appropriately reserved for the opera. But if soul and expression are synonymous terms in music, we fearlessly assert that Miss Lind's singing is full of soul. It is eminently expressive, and appeared to us the exact embodiment of the passions and emotions conveyed by the music. Was not the melody from the *Sonnambula* replete with tenderness, and did not the allegro that followed pour forth the gushing of overflowing love and joy? Did not the "Non paventar" of Mozart breathe a plaintive spirit that moaned and wailed in wretchedness, until, when consoled by the prospect of returning joy, it breaks out into that thrilling and sublime cadence, which took the audience so completely by storm. And the "echo song;" and the "Herdsmen's Song"—were they soulless too? At the hour we write, it is impossible to go into an elaborate analysis of Miss Lind's vocal merits. We must reserve future comments for future occasions. No single article could possibly suffice to explain all that renders her execution so extraordinary, or to furnish those who have not heard her with a just conception of her peculiar style and method.

SERENADE TO JENNY LIND.—The enthusiasm created by this wonderful artist was not to be allayed with the termination of the concert last evening. The orchestra assembled an hour after the concert, and proceeded to Miss Lind's residence in the Pontalba Buildings, where they tendered her a serenade worthy of the occasion. The bright moon-light night, and comparative stillness of the atmosphere, gave a fine effect to the music, and a large concourse of people gathered together as if evoked by the lingering magic of the sounds which entranced the audience of the St. Charles.

SECOND CONCERT, Feb. 13.—A second opportunity of hearing Miss Lind has confirmed our favourable opinion of her talent. Last evening, at the second concert she performed



several extremely difficult pieces, in some of which she has attained a great reputation, and in others her merit has been much disputed. She was evidently suffering from a slight cold, her voice in the romanza from *Robert le Diable* being somewhat now and then slightly out of control and depressed. This was observable in the opening measures of "Casta Diva," but as she proceeded she gained strength and spirit, and she sang as if inspired. She completely conquered all doubts as to her power of singing Italian music, and was enthusiastically applauded by the brilliant and crowded audience. We thought, however, the "Perche non ho del vente," from *Lucia di Lamermoor*, the triumph of the evening. The "Bird Song," composed expressly for her by Taubert, gave her an opportunity of displaying another store of musical treasures. She sang it with an unconscious enjoyment, as if she were indeed holding happy, careless converse with a nightingale like herself. The "Echo Song" concluded the evening. Jenny Lind's triumph was complete.

THIRD CONCERT, Feb. 15.—The St. Charles', last night, was full to its utmost capacity. We noticed a large number of our down-town friends present, and observed with pleasure that the most rapturous and enthusiastic plaudits started from the very quarter where the only prejudice and opposition to Miss Lind was apprehended. As the number of our own beautiful ladies increases, so are the brilliancy and splendour of the dress circle augmented; and so, too, may the fair songstress felicitate herself on the taste and appreciative capabilities of her audience. The flashing eyes of our lovely creoles, the most musical and artistic of our population, could not fail to inspire with enthusiasm and arouse to effort the most languid powers of song—but when brought to bear upon the ardent and impassioned soul of so noble a devotee of melody as Miss Lind, they became fountains of the loftiest inspiration. The performances commenced with the brilliant overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, which under the admirable direction of Mr. Benedict, was executed by the orchestra with precision. A *cavatina*, from Rossini's *Cenerentola* was then sung by Mr. Belletti. The merits of this artist have already been proclaimed, and his success in this *cavatina* fully confirmed our favourable comments.

Next came forward the "Heroine of Song," in her own simple, unaffected, original style. She was tastefully and elegantly dressed in a white satin, with a pink gauze overdress, ornamented with pink flowers. Three red roses bloomed in her bosom, in the form of a heart, and others were tastefully interwoven with her fine auburn hair. After receiving, with an expression of modest unconsciousness of her own merits, the warm applause of her brilliant audience, Miss Lind commenced warbling the aria from *I Puritani* "Qui la voce." Contrary to what heretofore has been her characteristic in this piece, we found her more effective in the *adagio* than in the *allegro*. In "La Danza," Mr. Belletti kept the house in a roar of laughter and applause. We are free to confess, that hardly anything we have yet heard from Miss Lind affected us more vividly than the great *scena*, from Weber's *Der Freyschutz*. As we heard the notes of her fine *soprano* swelling upwards in the prayer, we felt, for the first time, that we had heard a greater singer than it is probable we shall ever hear again. After this she sang an air from Rossini's *Turco in Italia*, "Squalli da veste e bruna." We, however, pass this, with a mere allusion to her exquisite delivery, and pause upon Bishop's "Home, sweet home." We know not whether it was so, yet a slight foreign accent seemed to tinge the words of the ballad, which only added to the charm of the music. It seemed some ran ger, from a distant land, weaving into song her memory ho me, and mellowing regret with melody. This familiar

and popular air was greeted with an applause more boisterous than usual. It appealed to the hearts of the people, and aroused a thousand tender associations. The "Swedish Mountaineer's Song" brought the concert to a close.

FOURTH CONCERT, Feb. 16.—Last night exhibited a specimen of the worst description of New Orleans weather; it was cold, rainy, damp and disagreeable; the streets were muddy, and difficult of passage, and carriages were held at extortionate rates. Despite all these unfavourable causes a gay and brilliant crowd poured into the dress-circles and parquette of the St. Charles's last night, until every part of the theatre was filled. No less attraction than Jenny Lind could have drawn out such a number of our population on so tempestuous a night. We noticed in the audience a goodly number of the more sedate and gravely inclined of our people—nay, even the pious, who were thus tempted within the walls of a theatre by the irresistible curiosity and desire to test the justness of the praise bestowed on the fair Swede. We did not observe that any of them went away disappointed. Nor do we believe that they will be less fitted to perform their religious duties, by the delightful, purifying, and elevating impressions left by music.

In the early part of yesterday there was a report that the concert would not come off, owing to a severe fit of faintness which has completely prostrated Mr. Benedict. Arrangements were made, however, to supply the place of Mr. Benedict by Mr. Burke. We were happy, however, when the time arrived to find Mr. Benedict at his post, conducting the orchestra with his usual success in the overture to Auber's *Gustave*.

Mademoiselle Lind introduced herself in the air from Haydn's *Creation*, "On mighty pens!" which exhibited her powers in a new light. But it was in the aria "Ah non giunge," from *La Sonnambula*, that Jenny achieved her greatest triumph, and received the warmest applause. It was this which most delighted the *dilettanti* and extorted such earnest eulogy from Benedict and Belletti, when those accomplished artists presented their compliments to Miss Lind at the close of the first part. In the "Va, dit elle," which most of our readers will remember is the opening ballad sung by Alice, in *Robert le Diable*, she was hardly less successful. But it was "The Last Rose of Summer" which carried the audience by storm. They could not be quieted till it was repeated. "The Bird Song" closed the concert. Thus terminated Jenny Lind's first week in New Orleans. May she remember the warm welcome she has received from the Orleansois, as long as they will retain the impressions of her incomparable talent.

FIFTH CONCERT, Feb. 18.—The fine, bright, bracing weather of last evening drew to the St. Charles's an audience embracing a larger and more brilliant array of ladies than we have yet seen gracing the dress-circle of this theatre. Our Creole population was handsomely represented, and entered, with characteristic ardour and enthusiasm, into the enjoyment of the music. We have never seen Miss Lind look more charming, more earnest and vivacious. Her dress was exceedingly rich and becoming, and her manner showed that she was quite sensible to the skiey influences of our bright and bracing clime. She sung several of her best pieces, and was particularly effective in Mozart's "Non mi dir," in "Prendi per me" from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and in the duet with Belletti, "Quanto amore," from the same opera. These were followed by "Home, sweet home," which drew forth rapturous applause. The Echo, or Herdsman's song concluded the concert. We were near forgetting Benedict's charming ballad "Take the lute." It is an exquisite melody, and gives us a very high idea of him as a composer, apart from his merits as a skilful musician, which he proved himself to be in the *Idylle*

and *Galope Brilliant* of his own composition on the piano-forte. Belletti sang the "Piff, Paff," from the *Huguenots*, and increased the desire we have had from our first acquaintance with him, to see him on the stage.

Feb. 19.—The Sixth Concert took place last night. Jenny Lind sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," *Casta Diva*, "The Last Rose of Summer," "With Verdure Clad," and "Home, sweet home." Mr. Burke played a solo (*Il Tremolo*) on the violin, and Belletti sang the fine air, "Rage thou angry storm" (in Italian, "Nembi Fremete"), from *Benedict's Gipsy's Warning*. This was the most brilliant of all the concerts. Meyerbeer's *Prophete* is being performed at the Orleans theatre, with immense success.

After leaving New Orleans, and before returning to New-York, Jenny Lind and her party will give concerts at the principal towns of the Mississippi. She will probably be at New York in the middle of April. The Concerts will commence immediately, and five a week will be given, as Jenny is anxious to return to Europe. Barnum, having made nearly twice as much money as he expected, has consented to reduce the number of concerts from 150 to 100. So that Jenny and her friends may be counted on in London about June.

LIFE IN NEW ORLEANS.—Mr. Barnum certainly deserves a handsome tribute from all the proprietors of amusements in our city. He has brought here the attraction which has drawn the whole Southwest to New Orleans. The city is overflowing with people, and, fortunately, there are amusements enough for them all. As the St. Charles's will not hold more than 2000 persons at a time, the surplus twenty-five or thirty thousand, who are crowded out, are compelled to seek amusement elsewhere. They find it in every direction. If they relish opera got up in the most splendid style, with fine vocal and orchestral music, they have only to go to the Orleans; where, besides, they will have an opportunity of seeing Creole beauty in all its richness of natural charms, set off by that exquisite taste in dress and ornaments characteristic of the daughters of *ancien régime*. Or, do they prefer the legitimate drama, pleasingly varied with broad-farce extravaganza, and a little touch of ballet, then they may go to Placide's Varieties, and be enchanted by the untiring versatility of that universal favorite, Mrs. Howard; or laugh themselves into fits over the drolleries of Holland and Tom Placide, and find inexhaustible pleasure in the artistic representations of Harry Placide; or be wafted to the seventh heaven by the seductive pirouettes of Hilariot and Vallée. Or, have they a *penchant* for the Horse Opera? In this line they can certainly be pleased. There is the Amphitheatre, where plays, spectacles, and equestrian exhibitions are brought out effectively by Spalding and Rogers, those indefatigable caterers for the ring, aided by our classic friend, Van Orden. Then, too, Dan Rice, a great popular favorite, still maintains his hold upon the public, and under his broad tent, on St. Charles-street, and by the glare of his magnetic light, nightly regales large audiences with flashing wit and dashing feats of horsemanship. Then, too, we omitted to mention that on the off nights, at the St. Charles's, that is, the nights when Jenny Lind does not appear, the agreeable ballet corps of the Franks, with that incomparable little agile specimen of fun and humour, Espinosa, affords a most pleasing entertainment. Besides these means of amusements, there are balls and soirées all over the city, where beauty, grace, fashion, and gaiety may be seen whirling in the mazy dance, or giddy waltz, by the most delightful music. With these various amusements and enjoyments, we think New Orleans presents a great scene of pleasure and enjoyment. At the same time, the stir, bustle, and excitement of active business and commercial life, serve to keep our citizens fully, and, we

hope, profitably employed in the daily affairs of life.—*Daily Delta*.

BARNUM.—We stepped in yesterday to see Mr. Barnum, the great "impresario" of Jenny Lind. We found him up to head and ears in business, surrounded by several clerks, and attending to some half a dozen different matters at once. He had before him several finished letters waiting to be copied, directed to correspondents in various parts of the world, and relating to his multifarious transactions. Among his various other duties, he had made out to snatch time enough to address a letter to some conspicuous advocate of the temperance cause in New England, urging greater zeal and activity in behalf of that movement. The energy and capacity for business of Mr. Barnum are incredible. The management of so great a venture as that of Jenny Lind's performance would keep pretty well employed almost any man; but, in addition to this, Mr. Barnum has the two principal museums in the United States to look after, in both of which he keeps up an excellent historical company, and brings out popular plays in the most effective manner. He has, besides, his celebrated prodigy, Tom Thumb, who is travelling through the Union under Barnum's auspices and on his account. There is another travelling show of his which is moving towards this city, consisting of a family of Chinese in their original costume, and surrounded by the peculiarities of that highly interesting race. With all these affairs on hand, Mr. Barnum finds his energy and capabilities not even sated, much less exhausted. He is ready and eager for any new enterprise, having in view that great, benevolent and democratic object, of amusing the people. We regard the man who is successful in this great enterprise, a real benefactor of his species, and we do not begrudge him the applause which its successful prosecution may bring. Besides, it should be stated to Mr. Barnum's special credit, that one of the secrets of his success is his liberality, his strict fidelity to his obligations, and the free and almost prodigal expenditure of his ample means in furtherance of his designs. There may be some humbug in the means and appliances employed by him, but we imagine this success, after all, is due more to his energy, devotion, and liberality, than to his cleverness in hitting the popular taste and appealing to the popular fancies.—*Daily Delta*.

CARLSRUHE.—Herr Stigelli, first tenor of the Theatre, *La Scala*, in Milan, gave a *Matinée Musicale*, assisted by Mdle. Schutz, and Herr Kalliwoda, in the Hall of the Musical Union. A circle of the first connoisseurs attended to hear this artist, whose fame had already preceded his arrival. Having ourselves heard Herr Stigelli, having been enabled to judge of the sweetness of his voice, and the finish of his style, and of his undoubted musical talent, we have no hesitation in agreeing with those reports which have placed him in the first rank of our German "Lieder" singers. We have rarely heard a voice more equal throughout its register, or one of purer quality, and have seldom known an artist with a more genuine musical taste, and better judgement in the choice of compositions. The *Lieder* by Schubert, which seem to be particularly suited to Herr Stigelli's voice, obtain, through his interpretation, a more than ordinary interest. Three of them "Trockne Blumen" ("Ye Flowrets that to me she gave"), "Der Neugierige" ("I do not ask the Flowers"), "Der Müller und der Bach" ("When my tender heart with love's oppress"), created a most favourable impression on all present. Herr W. Kalliwoda, (son of the well-known composer,) whom we are accustomed to see where anything good is to be heard, received also, for his masterly performance of two of his pianoforte compositions, a full share of the applause of the audience.—*Badisch Landerzeitung*.



## Dramatic Intelligence.

**HAYMARKET.**—The experiment tried by Mr. John Oxenford on Tuesday night, to reduce Molière's *Tartuffe* into English blank verse, preserving the original in its integrity and entirety—a task of more than ordinary difficulty—was completely successful. The translation bore all the impress of a new work. The bald and vapid version, more properly, perversion, of one of the dramatic *chefs-d'œuvre* of the French stage, played for many years on the English boards, under the title of *The Hypocrite*, is a vulgar travesty, alike disgraceful to the adapter who distorted the original, and to the public who recognised it. Molière's *Tartuffe* is a monument of ingenuity and skill. It betrays a profound insight into the human heart, and a manner of dealing with persons in real life second only to the comedy of Shakspeare. The characters are invested with great individuality, and admirably contrasted. There are the credulous and infatuated Orgon (played by Mr. Lambert), the fiery and impetuous Damis (by Mr. Davenport), the loving Velere (by Mr. Howe) the sensible, but somewhat argumentative Cleante (Mr. Rogers), the fawning Loyal (Mr. Charles Selby), the calm and gentle Elmire (Miss Reynolds), the tender and easily-led Mariane (Miss Laura Addison—admirably suited to her), the arch and loquacious Dorine (personated with much piquancy by Mrs. Fitzwilliam), and the religion-cloaked and double-faced knave, Tartuffe (Mr. Webster), a miracle of dramatic portraiture. These characters are all involved in a plot of singular clearness in the construction, and are all necessary to its development. The public owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Oxenford for rescuing Molière's prodigious work from the mire in which it has too long been suffered to lie imbedded. Let us hear no more of *The Hypocrite*, nor of Mawworm, nor his jacket without skirts, nor the filthy, so-called, wit, with which it abounds. Away with it to the colonies "where governors dwell," or rather to the antipodes, where the refuse of society are translated; there let it consort with its fellow hypocrites, no more to revisit our shores, nor train our audiences to be pleased with low and worthless trash!

The version produced on Tuesday night went far to prove the capacity of the French language to undergo transmutation into English, when undertaken by an accomplished hand. Mr. Oxenford's translation is a masterpiece. The dialogue is managed with singular felicity, being at once nervous, terse, and preserving the spirit of the original with unexampled fidelity. There is not a single point lost, nor does the translator travel out of his way, or rather out of the way of the original, to gain for one of his characters a novelty, or a super-added grace. If occasionally a slight coarseness be observed, it must be attributed to the somewhat over-scrupulousness of Mr. Oxenford, who was unwilling to depart from his original in the remotest instance, and to the want of refinement of the tongue into which he has transcribed his author.

The piece is represented after the manner of the *Theatre Français*. The curtain is not allowed to fall during the progress of the drama, and the divisions are indicated by music played between the pauses of the action. Of course one scene is preserved throughout, thus upholding the rigidity of the writers according to the old fashion. The single scene is a very beautiful one, and is put upon the stage with minute care in the details. It represents a room in the house of Orgon, which is built up in imitation of the prevailing taste of the period. The costumes are rich and appropriate.

The acting was good generally, although, to those who were accustomed to behold French artists in the conventionalities of Molière's school, there seemed a want of *finesse*, refinement,

and a certain studied crispness, which appear to be *caviare* to our actors. Mr. Webster's conception of Tartuffe was clearly founded on the best French models. He was thoroughly serious throughout, and never condescended to the slightest caricature to evoke a laugh, or to sharpen a point. He was dressed to perfection, and looked quite a picture.

The play was listened to with great attention from beginning to end, and created considerable laughter. In one or two instances, as in the quarrel between Velere and Mariane, the merriment was unbounded.

That Molière's masterpiece, rendered almost *verbatim* into English blank verse, should have been received so favourably, is a sign of the times, which Mr. Oxenford and Mr. Webster would do well not to let escape their memories. There are many more *chefs-d'œuvre* of the French school well worth their consideration.

Mr. J. W. Wallack appeared in Hamlet, for the first time in London, on Wednesday evening. The youthful and philosophic prince is not well suited to Mr. Wallack's rough and graphic style. He wants delicacy and refinement, and, still more, real tenderness. Passion and earnestness he undoubtedly possesses, and hence the energetic scenes were the best; but, without that softness and gentleness, almost feminine, which Shakspeare has made two of his most salient characteristics, Hamlet is not. The "sweet bells" are "jangled, out of tune and harsh." Mr. J. W. Wallack obtained the most liberal applause, and therefore, doubtless, his performance must have afforded satisfaction to many. His Hamlet, to our thinking, must be studied patiently and assiduously before it can be deemed worthy of being placed by the side of his Othello and Macbeth.

After the tragedy a very merry piece, entitled *Make the best of it*, was produced with complete success. It is adapted from the French vaudeville, *Le Pont Cassé*, but the situations are somewhat altered, and the characters and dialogue are thoroughly English. The plot is briefly told. The locale is Wales, even North Wales. Mr. Benjamin Burr (Mr. Buckstone), a gent with a highly susceptible heart, is smitten with Mrs. Driver (Miss P. Horton), and follows her to Wales. He meets her at a lonely inn, and, in consequence of the bridge across the river having broken down, they are unable to proceed on their journey. Like Sterne and the French lady at the *Auberge*, in the *Sentimental Journey*, though not quite so badly plighted, they are compelled to remain in the same room, and in order to while away the time until the bridge is rebuilt—theatrical bridges are not difficultly set up—they agree to play a game at cards, and whoso loses is to become the slave of whomso wins for the space of two hours. They play—Burr is the unlucky, and straightway submits himself to the unlimited volition of the lady. Tyranny let loose never lacks minions to exercise its strength upon. Opportunity is the sycophant of power—thanks to dame Fortune. An occasion soon presents itself wherein Mrs. Driver uses her fire-new authority with a persistence and an acerbity worthy of the "autograph of all the Russias." Mr. Driver (Mr. Howe), the erratic spouse of Mrs. D., arrives in company with a theatrical lady (Mrs. Fitzwilliam), upon whom he has passed himself as a single gentleman. Mrs. D. having concealed herself, is made acquainted with the connubial delinquencies of her spouse, and straight begins to exhibit her power over Mr. Benjamin Burr. Little Ben is first ordered to quarrel with Driver and challenge him. Then, when Driver accepts the challenge, he is commanded to apologise; and lastly, despite a stout disinclination towards the lady in particular, added to a general horror of stage performers, he is compelled to marry the actress. Mr. Buckstone was inimitably funny as Mr. Burr, and kept the house in an uninter-

rupted roar of laughter throughout the piece, the whole weight of which rests upon his shoulders. We shall be delighted to see little Ben once more go through his series of ludicrous involvements. In every part he undertakes, Mr. Buckstone may be soundly said to "make the best of it."

**LYCEUM.**—*Cool as a Cucumber* is the title of a new farce produced on Monday night at this theatre. The author is Mr. Jerrold, son of the popular dramatist. The thread of the plot is as flimsy as thistledown, but the dialogue is smart, and well sustained to the end. Mr. Charles Matthews is a wight who has picked up a cigar case, by means of which he introduces himself to the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman, father of the cigar-case loser. His consummate coolness and tact obtain for him unlimited freedom in the family. The son has been banished from the father's house in consequence of daring to cast his affections on a wretch who had nothing but "the three great requisites of love—youth, beauty, and clean linen," (Farquhar, not Jerrold, jun.)—to recommend her. He makes an effort to re-enter his father's house, but is treated by our friend the "wight" as a burglar. The chief amusement of the piece is concentrated here. The "wight" is found out, but makes his peace with father and son, by effecting a reconciliation between them, for which both are grateful. Mr. Charles Matthews played the "wight" with great lightness and buoyancy.

**ADELPHI.**—A melodrama of the true Adelphi cut, but hardly of the true Adelphi merit, was produced on Monday night. It is called the *Disowned*, but is not extracted from Sir Lytton's novel, and absorbs four hard hours of time in the representation. When the entire Adelphi company is employed in one piece, when the scenery is gorgeous and beautiful—the dresses striking and becoming, when music and dancing are brought in as aids to acting, and Adelphi brought in, when, in short, the whole resources of the theatre, under the indisputable management of Madame Celeste, are made available, it is scarcely possible for any piece, merely indifferent, not to meet with a certain success. The *Disowned*, we have not the least doubt, will go infinitely better than it did the first night, when it will have undergone considerable pruning. At present it is an hour, at least, too long, and lags in consequence. The story also, which at present is somewhat concealed in a mist, will shine with a more clearly defined phase, and with a juster light, for being condensed into a narrower compass. By all means, let there be excision, nor spare the knife.

### Original Correspondence.

MILITARY BAND OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

SIR,—Having read in the *Musical World* of Saturday last the following comment on the prospectus of the forthcoming season at the Royal Italian Opera,

"Mr. Godfrey also comes again with his Military Band; and, if hope may be translated into certainty, with a new clarionet (not in C), and an ophicleide that plays in tune,"

I have always been exceedingly unwilling to notice reports in the public journals; on the present occasion, however, there appears something so unfair and like a desire to condemn by anticipation, that, in justice to myself and the musicians engaged under my superintendence, I am induced (most reluctantly), to depart from my usual custom. In the first place, I confess I do not understand what your reporter means when he recommends me to bring another clarionet, not in C. The clarionets used on those occasions vary according to the operas in which they are required; viz., in *Semiramide*, *La Donna del Lago*, *Norma*, &c., C. Bb. and Eb. are necessary. *Les Huguenots* only requires clarionets in Bb. and Eb., while in the *Don Giovanni* C. Bb. and A. are used; the C. and A. are both required in the first movement

of the Banquet Scene at the same time. The change from those to the Bb. clarionets for the second and third movements is almost instantaneous, there being only three bars rest for that purpose. This will be sufficient, I presume, to excuse my saying that I am totally at a loss to understand what your reporter means by "bring another clarionet, not in C." I am also doubtful of the soundness of his advice as to bringing a new wind instrument of any description without some previous experience of its merits. The instruments I have named, are such as have been used for the same purpose by Messrs. Lazarus, Maycock and Dean, when the Coldstream band had the honor of numbering them amongst its members; and whom, I am happy to observe, are holding three out of the four situations occupied by performers on that instrument at the two greatest musical establishments (Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera) in this country. With respect to the recommendation of your reporter concerning the ophicleide, however well meant, I fear I should be acting unjustly, (at present), to comply with his wish; but I strongly invite that gentleman—whoever he may be—to pay a visit to the practice-room of the band, from which those performers were selected, and judge for himself; and I also, Mr. Editor, should feel much complimented by your accompanying him; and I pledge my word if, at that visit, any false intonation is perceptible in the basses (four in number), I will acknowledge the justness of the remarks, and act immediately on the advice given. I perfectly recollect reading the first number of the *Musical World* ever printed; and, if my memory serves me, the leading article began: "Fair play to all." How this pledge has been redeemed I cannot attempt to decide. It is, however, strange that only when fault is to be found (perhaps justly), that the *Musical World* condescends at all to mention the Military Bands in the notices of the Royal Italian Opera; while the principal leading journals (with one exception) have not considered it derogatory, occasionally, to insert a word of approbation.

I confess myself unable to hold a controversy with persons so much my superiors in the requisites for such a purpose; but I do not yield to any one in love for the art of which I am a very humble member, and can assure you, that if fair and just censure only was the aim, I should be happy to endeavour to profit by any advice so given, although administered with rather a rough hand.

42, Vincent Square,  
March 25th, 1851.

I am, Sir,

your obedient servant,

C. GODFREY.

### Advertisements.

#### MESSRS. DE BESNIER AND VERDAVAINNE

RESPECTFULLY announce that the FIRST of their Series of THREE CONCERTS of Classical, Sacred, and Modern Music will take place at the BETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Queen-Ann Street, Cavendish Square, on FRIDAY EVENING, the 4th of April. On this occasion, Madame VERDAVAINNE will play Mendelssohn's Grand Concerto in G minor, Bach's prelude and fugue in C sharp; and Cramer's étude melodique, homage à Mozart. Vocalists:—Mesdames Zimmerman and Lemaire; Messrs. de Besnier, Montelli, and Bo tura; Instrumentalists:—Piano, Madame Verdavainne; Harp, Mr. J. Balar Chatterton. Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen; Violins, Messrs. H. Blagrove and Clementi; Alto, Mr. R. Blagrove; Violoncello, Messrs. Hancock and Hausman. Conductor, Herr Anchetz. Single Tickets for each Concert, Half-a-Guinea. Single Tickets for the Series, One Guinea. Family Tickets to admit three to the Series, Two Guineas. May be had of Messrs. Verdavainne, 57, George Street, Portman Square, and de Besnier, 2, Upper Spring Street, Portman Square.

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**SIGNOR BOTTESINI,**

MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA AT HAVANNA, BEGS to apprise the Musical Profession and the Public that he will arrive in London at the beginning of May, and remain during the entire Season.

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Charles Ollivier, 41, New Bond Street

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London: Hope and Co., Publishers, 16, Great Marlborough Street.

**MUSICAL UNION. 1851.**

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## MR. CHARLES HALLE

BEGS to announce that he will ARRIVE in London FOR THE SEASON, IN THE MIDDLE OF APRIL. All communications are requested to be addressed to Mr. CHARLES HALLE, care of Messrs. Erard, Pianoforte Manufactory, 18, Great Marlborough Street.

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Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, by MICHAEL SAMUEL MYERS, of No. 3 Studley Villas, Studley Road, Clapham Road, in the parish of Lambeth, at the office of MYERS and Co., 22, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, in the parish of St. Paul, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Parker's, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, March 29, 1851.